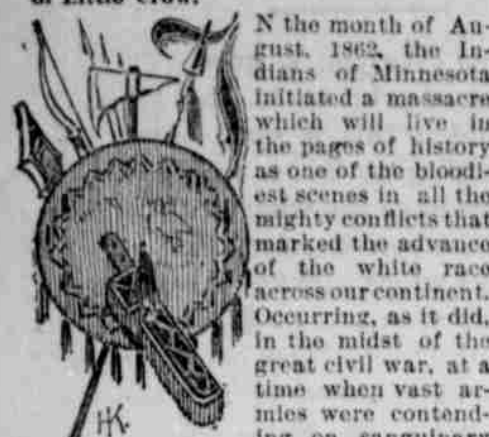


AN AWFUL SLAUGHTER.

ONE OF THE BLOODIEST PICTURES IN THE BOOK OF TIME.

The most tragic chapter in the history of the Northwest—the Minnesota Indian massacre of 1862, and the swift punishment of the guilty Indians—causes of the uprising—awful scenes enacted—A memorable trial—conviction of the culprits—A wholesale execution—Death of Little Crow.



BATTLE OF BIRCH COOLIE.



LITTLE CROW.

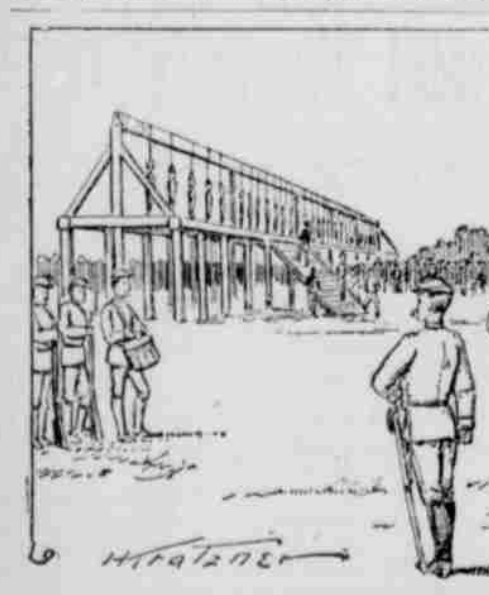
On the month of August, 1862, the Indians of Minnesota initiated a massacre which will live in the pages of history as one of the bloodiest scenes in all the mighty conflicts that marked the advance of the white race across our continent. Occurring, as it did, in the midst of the great civil war, at a time when vast armies were contending on sanguinary battle-fields, and President Lincoln was calling for "six hundred thousand more," what wonder that the uprising of the Sioux in the then far Northwest attracted outside the localities that suffered or were menaced, but a passing notice? The events of those dreadful days



LITTLE CROW.

have not lacked careful historians, yet few of the present generation know much, if anything, of one of the "bloodiest pictures on the book of Time," as the awful slaughter of the whites and the subsequent defeat and punishment of the Indians may properly be termed. The subject is not a pleasing one, nor has it lost much of its hideousness by the lapse of nearly three decades, yet its consideration cannot fail to interest all readers, and cause them to rejoice that the long-discussed Indian question "is at last well-nigh settled, and that similar dreadful scenes are not likely to again occur in our land."

It would be pleasing to be able to re-



WHOLESALE INDIAN EXECUTION.

embracing all their lands in Iowa, Dakota and Minnesota, except a tract along the Upper Minnesota, which they reserved for their future home. This tract began below Fort Ridgely and extended 150 miles to Lake Traverse, with a width of ten miles on both sides of the river. The treaty contained a provision by which this reservation was also to be ended and the Indians located where the President might appoint.

By a treaty made in 1858 they ceded to the Government all that portion north of the river, retaining the remainder.

It is the custom of the traders who know that the Indians will ultimately sell their lands, to give them credit for supplies, holding a claim against the proceeds of the sale. This was done largely in the present instance, and the traders, by means of many false representations as to the vast wealth the Indians would receive, and also by refusing them further credit unless they voted to

sell, were largely instrumental in bringing about the transfer.

In this way a large amount of fraudulent claims were established, and just ones multiplied in amount. Of the money due the Indians under the



GRAVE OF THE VICTIMS OF THE SLAUGHTER.

treaties of 1851 and 1852, \$400,000 were paid the traders on old accounts. Besides, many of the stipulations as to establishing schools and furnishing farming implements were never carried out. Under the treaty of 1855 they were to be paid \$160,000, but of this amount they

never received a penny until four years afterward, when \$15,000 worth of goods were sent the Sioux, and these were deducted out of money due them under former treaties.

Thus a long series of wrongs, coupled with want amounting almost to starvation, had rendered the Indians desperate, and on Sunday, the 17th of August, 1862, the work of murder began. Four Indians killed as many whites, and then made haste to join their band. Little Crow, an influential chief who had been several times in Washington in the interests of the Sioux, was at once consulted. He knew the vast strength of the whites, and would, no doubt, have advised the surrender of the murderers were it not that he had been accused of acting in the interests of the whites against his people, and had thereby lost much of his influence. He now saw a chance to regain his lost power, and, in common with all Indians, he hated the whites, he advised a general massacre. "Trouble with the whites is inevitable, sooner or later," he said. "It may as well come now. I am with you. Let us go to the agency, kill the traders, and take their goods."

This advice was at once acted upon; runners were sent out to call in the braves, and an awful slaughter was begun which extended along both sides of the Minnesota River to within six miles of the town of New Ulm. Many were put to death, and that by the most cruel methods that the ingenuity of demons could devise. Children were nailed alive to doors and used as targets at which to throw tomahawks; many were burned alive in houses; while, if possible, still more inhuman and unnatural crimes were perpetrated by these veritable fiends.

That week an attack was made upon New Ulm and Fort Ridgely, but the Indians were driven off with considerable loss on both sides, Little Crow being wounded. The uprising had now become general and extended through the whole western frontier of Minnesota, and into Iowa and Dakota. During the first week not less than 700 people perished, while 200 more were carried away as captives.

In the meantime, the excitement caused by the uprising had spread to the United States over 30,000,000 of acres,

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other drunker or insane. Within an hour, however, a second courier arrived with confirmation of the first awful account.

The Governor of the State, Alexander Ramsey, selected ex-Governor Henry H. Sibley to take command of an expedition against the Indians. He was well qualified for the perilous mission, having spent many years among the Sioux as a trader, speaking their language and knowing what could be expected of them. One week after the first outbreak, Col. Sibley was at St. Peter with 1,400 men. This seemed a large force, and would have been so regarded were it not for the uncertainty of the whereabouts of the red enemy and their peculiar mode of warfare.

On Sunday, the 31st day of August, Col. Sibley started out from Fort Ridgely a burial and scouting party under the command of Major Joseph R. Brown, whose family had been made captives by the Indians. The expedition numbered 153 men all told, of whom a considerable number were teamsters, with ninety-six horses, and a good supply of camp equipage and provisions. The first day about fifty murdered citizens were discovered and buried. Early the next morning they came upon the lifeless and scalped bodies of Captain Marsh and about thirty men who had been sent out on a relief expedition a few days before. They seem to have been surprised and fired upon from all sides. They were buried by their comrades in one long grave, which was marked by a large wooden cross.

On the night of the 1st of September, "Old Joe," as Major Brown was affectionately called, ordered his command to go into camp in a gorge near the now thriving village of Birch Cooley, about sixteen miles from Fort Ridgely. Major Brown, who had great knowledge of the Indians, believed that all was well, and the men, with the exception of the guards, went to sleep.

Slumber is heaviest just before day-break, and it is then that Indians generally make an attack. The guard well understood this, and were on the alert.

Suddenly, about four o'clock, a watchful sentinel saw and fired upon a moving object. In an instant the camp was aroused. All sprung to their feet, and received a deadly cross-fire from not less than 300 rifles, mostly double-barreled, in the hands of their steady, headstrong enemies, the Sioux. Soon all who had not been killed or disabled by the first fire, broke for the wagons, from the doubtful shelter of which a brisk fire was returned. Almost immediately a discovery was made which sent a thrill of dismay through the hearts of the bravest of the "raw recruits." A mistake had been made in the ammunition; the cartridges were all of too large a caliber for the muskets, and not more than twenty rounds of the proper size remained for each man.

The men fell to work whittling down the bullets with their knives, in the mean time firing occasionally to keep up a show of fighting. Only one shovel and one pick could be found, and these, together with knives, spoons, and bayonets, were used to dig intrenchments. A strong but losing fight was maintained, and by 10 o'clock sixty men were killed or wounded, and ninety-five out of the ninety-six horses were dead. The latter no doubt saved the command from annihilation, since their bodies were used as a barricade.



INTERIOR OF INDIAN JAIL.

For twenty-four hours longer the brave men fought on, but with less loss now. At 10 o'clock on the morning of September 3 the gleam of rifles was seen in the distance, and the savages sullenly withdrew before the advance of a relief party which had been sent from Fort Ridgely, where the being, thanks to the favorable direction of the wind, had been heard.

Taking into account the small number engaged, the battle of Birch Cooley was one of the hottest fought during the period of the civil war. Of the 153 whites, twenty-three were killed and forty-five severely wounded, while very few escaped altogether uninjured. When relieved they had been thirty-one hours without either food or water, and were almost exhausted.

There were many wonderful escapes from death. A. P. Connolly, Adjutant of the Sixth Minnesota Infantry, who was present on the case of a woman, the only one of a party who had escaped with her life, though badly wounded with buckshot. She had been twelve days without food, other than berries, when she was found by Maj. Brown's expedition. During the awful thirty-six hours of the siege she remained in the wagon where she had been placed, praying for her deliverers. The wagon was riddled with bullets, but, strange to say, she was struck by none of them. She ultimately entirely recovered.

On the 18th of September the camp at Fort Ridgely was broken up, and the expedition, disgusted with its long inactivity, started on its march after the foe. On the morning of Sept. 23 the enemy were encountered at Wood Lake. The Indians were sanguine of success, but were badly beaten, the white loss being four killed and about forty wounded.

Colonel Sibley sent out word to the Indians that if they would come in, no innocent man would be harmed; and in a short time all except Little Crow and his most desperate followers were within reach and encamped near Lacqui Parle. Colonel Sibley encamped with his forces about half a mile from the Indians, at Camp Release, so called because the captives were released there. These, to the number of about two hundred and fifty were at once set free.

A large number of Indians were made prisoners and a commission appointed to try them. The remainder were sent down to Yellow Medicine Agency. An inquiry developed the fact that almost the entire nation had been involved in the outbreak, and the braves at the Agency were quietly discovered and made prisoners. A number of half-breeds were among the accused, and one negro, of mulatto, named Godfrey or Gussa, to whom the Indians had given the name

of Otakle, i. e., "he who kills many." He was the first one tried. He was sentenced to death, but upon the recommendation of the commission, his sentence was commuted by President Lincoln to imprisonment for ten years. He rendered the prosecution great service upon many of the trials, testifying in a number of cases. He is said to be still living on a Missouri reservation.

Over four hundred prisoners of all ages, from 15 to 80, were tried, and of these three hundred and three were convicted. Their sentences varied from death down to one year's imprisonment. Finally, after considerable delay, thirty-eight of them were ordered to be executed at Mankato, on the 26th day of February, 1863.

A few of the condemned Indians acknowledged their guilt, but for the most part they maintained their innocence. Clergymen, both Protestant and Catholic, labored with them and succeeded in converting and baptizing quite a number. They were allowed to send for some of their relatives, with whom their parting was quite affecting.

On the morning of the fatal day their irons were removed and their arms bound with cords, their elbows behind and their wrists in front. Then, long white muslin caps were placed on their heads, but left rolled up so as to show their painted faces. During this operation, which consumed over an hour, several exciting death songs were sung.

At exactly 10 o'clock the condemned men were formed into a procession and marched into the street and directly across from the jail, between files of soldiers, to the long scaffold which had been erected there. As they commenced the ascent of the scaffold, they started the death song again, and made a perfectly hideous noise, which had a wonderful effect in keeping up their courage. Then the white caps were drawn down, the noses adjusted, and, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, Major Brown gave a drum three distinct taps, a rope was cut, and the thirty-eight red-handed murderers shot simultaneously downward to a most righteous doom.

As the platform fell, a long though not loud cheer went up from soldiers and citizens, and silence reigned over the awful scene.

Another such wholesale hanging has never taken place in America, and perhaps not in the civilized world. The next summer Gen. Sibley drove the hostile Sioux from the State, killing over one hundred of them in the process. The number of whites killed in 1862 was 737, of whom 644 were citizens, massacred.

Little Crow continued his depredations, killing a good many whites the next spring, actually venturing within twelve miles of St. Paul. July 3, 1863, while picking berries near the town of Hutchinson, he was shot and killed by two men named Sampson, father and son. Little Crow was one of the brightest and bravest of all the Sioux. His name had become a synonym for terror in Minnesota, and news of his death was received amid universal rejoicing.

DWIGHT BALDWIN.

Dry Go ds Salaries.
"It is not generally known," said Mr. C. B. Worth, of H. B. Claffin & Co., a few days ago, "that some of the highest salaries are paid in our business. We are often accused of paying starvation wages to our clerks by people who never look at the expenses entailed in running an establishment. Take the buyers, for instance. There are firms in this city who pay men from \$10,000 to \$30,000 a year for simply being able to tell three-quarters of a year in advance what the fashion is going to be. One gentleman, who buys for a wholesale house on Broadway, is said to earn \$50,000 a year."

"Dry goods houses are noted for paying low wages to their clerks, because the supply of clerks is so abundant. In some of the smaller stores the pay runs as low as \$3 a week. But the buyer on whose judgment the sale of next year's fabrics depends gets half as much as the President of the United States. The smallest, and some of the largest, salaries are paid in the dry goods business."

"How does the buyer for the house distinguish in advance what the fashion for next year is to be?"
"Ah, that is where it requires a wide awake man. He must watch the growing tendencies among the firm's richest and most fashionable customers at home and abroad. Whatever has become popular among them will make its way among the masses, and this tide the house must catch and swim along with it."

"In Europe textile manufacturers make few goods except on orders. The buyer for a firm must decide what his house can sell next season, and order his supplies of cloth made in advance. A serious mistake might be sufficient to bankrupt the firm, by leaving them with a stock on hand of unsalable goods, the patterns not being to the liking of the firm's customers. So you can easily see why a skillful buyer can command his own price."

"How do you select a man for such a position?"
"Nothing less than a kind of intuition is demanded for such a place. In addition, the buyer must estimate what amount his employer can sell of a given style of goods. If he overstocks the firm, then they are left with old-fashioned articles on hand which they must resort to the 'bargain-counter' devices to get rid of at a severe loss."

—New York Star.

ASTONISHING success has attended the effort of Dr. Lannelongue, an eminent specialist of Paris, to give intelligence to a little idiot girl. Though four years old, the child could neither walk nor stand, and never smiled nor took notice of anything. The Doctor concluded that the abnormal narrowness of the head obstructed the growth of the brain, and in May last he made an incision in the center of the skull and cut a piece of bone from the left side of it. The result was marvelous. Within less than a month the child could walk, and she is now quite bright—playing, smiling, and taking notice of everything around her.

THE length of the telephone line between Buenos Ayres and Montevideo is 186 miles, and it is designed to carry electrically driven letter boxes, which may be dispatched every two hours. The two wires cross the La Plata estuary at a point where it is nineteen miles wide.

A BOY MURDERER.

The Youngest Convict in the United States
Wonderfully innocent-looking is prisoner No. 1900 in the Iowa State Prison, a slim boy eleven years old. He is rather a handsome boy, with a broad forehead and a thoughtful face, as the photograph shows. He is the youngest prisoner ever received at the prison or, it is believed, at any other State prison.

Prisoner 1900 is sentenced to the Iowa State Penitentiary for life. His crime was the brutal and premeditated murder of his father and stepmother near Edgewood, Clayton County, in July, 1889.

Early one morning Wesley drove the old farm team furiously up to a neighbor's house. He had the baby in the wagon with him. He had an awful story to tell. When he arose that morning and went to his parents' room a terrible sight met his eyes.

Lying stretched out on the bed was the body of his father with a bullet-hole through his head. Half on the bed and half on the floor was the body of his stepmother. Her head was beaten to a jelly. On the floor lay a heavy club, smeared with blood, and his father's old muzzle-loading rifle, with which the ghastly work had been done.

The community was excited and many people were thrown under suspicion. The eldest son proved an alibi.

Wesley, the ten-year-old boy, maintained his story. He showed no sign of grief. No tear came to his eye. Coolly and in a matter of fact way he related again and again the details of his horrid discovery. It was always the same.

He was finally arrested, however, and locked up in jail at Elkader. One day this 10-year-old child called the officials into his cell and confessed that the work was his. There was no breaking down, no tears. Coolly and calmly again he detailed the story.

His father and his stepmother whipped him and he would not stand it. He waited until his brother was gone away and he was alone in the house with his parents. At 3 o'clock in the morning he got up, stole down stairs and loaded his father's old muzzle-loading rifle, which hung on the wall in the bed-room. He put the muz-



WESLEY ELKINS.

zle to his father's forehead and fired. As he had expected, his stepmother was awakened by the report and leaped out of bed to strike a light. Wesley knocked her down with a club which he had ready. Then, to make the matter sure, he beat her head to a jelly.

FOUR SCORE AND TEN.

George Bancroft Celebrates His Ninetieth Birthday.

At his cozy cottage in Newport, R. I., George Bancroft recently celebrated his ninetieth anniversary. The occasion was not forgotten by Mr. Bancroft's friends, the mails and telegraph conveying to him hosts of remembrances and congratulations from all parts of the country, although, owing to his enfeebled health, the usual reception was omitted.

Mr. Bancroft, though somewhat weakened by the heavy burden of his years, continues to enjoy his walks and drives. He has entirely given up horseback riding, which used to be one of his greatest pleasures. His mind seems to be perfectly clear on all subjects historical, and he will discuss the



GEORGE BANCROFT.

matters and happenings of a decade ago without hesitation, but he seems to have lost all interest in the present.

How to Arouse a Drunken Man.

"The best way to arouse a drunken man is to pinch him under the arms," says a police officer. "I found a drunken fellow lying across the track at Tenth and Morgan streets late one night and it seemed impossible to arouse him. I climbed him over the sides of his feet and rolled and shook him, but he lay as limp as a rag. Just then an old gentleman suggested that I pinch him under the arms."

"The effect was electrical. I had him awake and fighting mad at once. On another occasion Sergeant Pierce tried the same experiment on a sot at the Fourth District station, who was delaying the Black Maria. The man stood it for awhile, and then suddenly opened his eyes, and dealt the sergeant a blow that would have felled an ox. The treatment is a dead sure thing; fetches them every time."—Globe Democrat.

JOHNNIE—My pop is richer'n your pop. Freddy—Mebbe he is, but he'll never get back the money he lent my pop.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

Collections of an Elevating Wholesome Food for Thought—The Scriptural Lesson—The Profitable.

The Lesson for Sunday, November 19, found in Luke 22: 54-71.

INTRODUCTORY.
This was a notable night in our Lord's ministry. The lesson before us is the fourth regarding events which occurred in this brief period of time. The three preceding lessons embrace the incidents of that yet more notable day which followed.

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.
Then took they him, or more correctly, laid hold of him. It was a forcible arrest.—Laid him, or conducted him, as of one under custody.—He had submitted himself to the wrath of man.—High priest's house, Caiaphas. Here the preliminary Jewish trial was to take place.—And Peter. It is evident that Peter's conduct on this occasion much impressed the other disciples. Kindled a fire. It was about two o'clock in the morning, about the coldest hour of the twenty-four.—In the midst of the hall. In a chafing dish, such as were used then to take off the chill.—So, down together. The soldier guard and rabble, including Peter. Bad company.

A certain maid. A maid about the court. The word is sometimes translated female slave.—As he was disclosing him to her gaze. She seems to have edged about to get a better sight of him.—Earnestly looked upon him. At last getting a good straight look at him. The word means to eye narrowly.—This man was also with him. More literally and graphically, And this man was with him. A shrill cry with finger pointed right at him.

He denied, or said, no. The quick prompting of earthly self-interest.—Woman. I know him not. Doubtless spoken to turn away the fierce glances of those about. Let us imagine ourselves in his place, ere we denounce.

Another. Evidently a man, from the gender used. There were several who had beheld the apostolic company in their walks with the Master.—Thou art also of them, i. e., of those attached to the person of Christ.

Another. Also a man (autos).—Confidently affirmed. Without peradventure.—A Galilean. An added evidence of his complicity.

I know not what thou sayest. Perhaps with a reference to the Galilean dialect to which the man had adverted. Then, as the other people tell us he cursed and swore, as if to let them know that his was another language entirely. Certainly it was not the language of Canaan.

Turned and looked. As he could do through the open corridor.—Remembered. The cock, according to Mark, had already crowed twice, but it was not until the third crow that the words of Christ came back to him.

Went out. Counting himself doubtless a very respectable.—Wept bitterly, i. e., with keenness of remorse of his penitence, like David's, the saving clause.

The men who held Jesus. The brutal soldiery.—Mocked him. Or, played with him. They made him the butt of their ridicule.—Snoted him. The word literally means to thrash or cudgel, used of violent blows.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

And Peter followed after. This was the man that said but a few hours before to quick impulsiveness, "Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both into prison and to death." With thee—here was his opportunity. It was either prison or death. There goes the Christ with his tormentors. And now where is Peter? With his Lord? No skulking there in the background afraid of his own shadow, presently denying his identity and even his acquaintance. Ah, well, we take courage. If out of such a cowardly, crumbly rock as this God can build his church, shall brother, friend, the worst of us can come, and God will make us over into something tried and sure.

And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter. That sufficed. Just a look into those tender eyes. What reproach was in them! O those looks of Christ! That look when as it is written, "He beheld them (his rejectors) and said, 'What is this then that I write? The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner.' That look indeed just a moment since in the garden when but casting his eyes on his rejectors they fell back as if smitten. Yea, that look which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner." That look indeed just a moment since in the garden when but casting his eyes on his rejectors they fell back as if smitten. Yea, that look which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner.

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